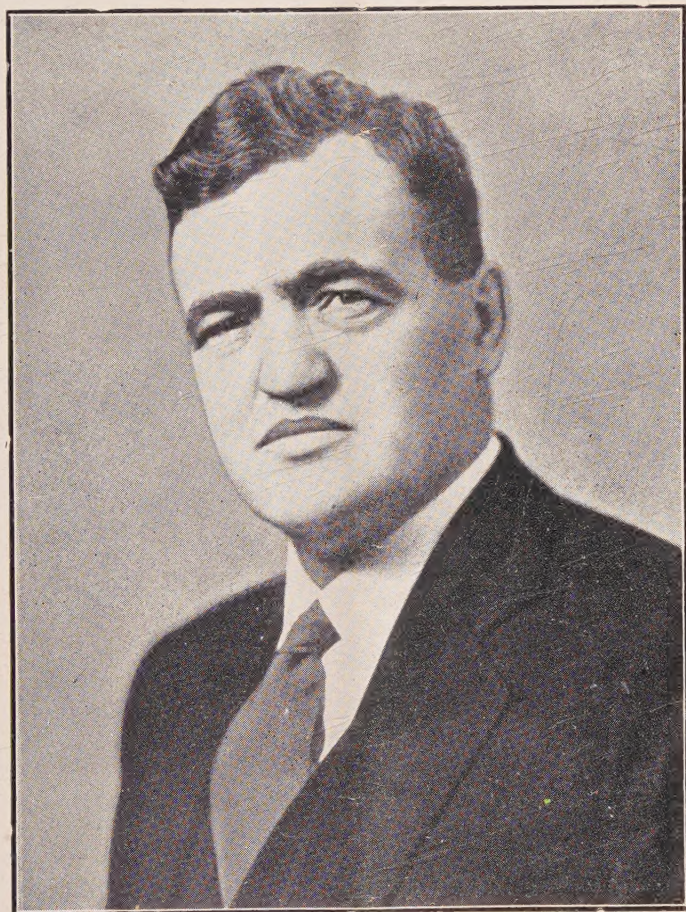


THE

BURMA NEWS



DR. GEO. D. JOSIF

APRIL, 1940

FROM THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONS IN BURMA



THE BURMA NEWS

Editor: Olive A. Hastings

Published on the 5th of each month at the American Baptist Mission Press, Rangoon, Burma.

Subscription Rates: Single Copy with postage, Rs. 2 6. \$0.75;

Subscriptions in the U. S. may be sent to Geo. B. Huntington, Esq., 152 Madison Ave., New York. Articles intended for THE NEWS should reach the Editor not later than the first day of the month.

Vol. LIII

Rangoon, Burma,

April, 1940

No. 4

DR. GEORGE D. JOSIF, M.A., B.D., D.Ed.

Tributes

Thursday morning, March 14th, long before daylight, a car drove into our compound at Insein. It was Miss Harman who had come with the news that Dr. Josif died about 2-00 a.m. of heart attack, and she had come to take Mrs. Chaney back with her. I was to break the news to the others at Insein when they arose, and then drive to the Josif home in Rangoon. Before I knew that the Wiatts were up, Dr. Wiatt came rushing over to take with the *Gazette* in his hand and said, "Have you seen the news? Dr. Josif is reported dead. It cannot be true for we were out to dinner with them last evening and when we parted about 11-00 p.m. he was well and strong. It must be a mistake." Even so it seemed to us. The suddenness of this unexpected death seemed a mistake or else a horrible dream out of which we would soon awfully awake. But life is real, life is earnest and none of us will ever forget those two memorable days to which we had been awakened.

What a tribute those days brought of the love and esteem in which Dr. Josif was held by all that knew him! It brought some measure of

comfort and healing. This tribute found instant and spontaneous expression from our own Mission, from our sister Missions, Anglican and Methodist, from hundreds of his students present and past, from Government Officials, from business men, Burmans, Karens, Indians, his two High School Staffs, his Office Staffs, his domestic and school servants. All day long the procession moved in and out, many taking a last look at the face so dear to them. The compound was filled with cars as the concourse came and went in an atmosphere of reverence, sympathy and personal loss.

The way in which Mrs. Josif met this great personal loss was both an inspiration and a revelation, a revelation of her great courage and self control grounded in the deepest sources of faith and strength, even God. Dr. Josif's call came right in the midst of Government Examinations and the closing of School. The Education Department came at once to the rescue and took charge of the examinations. But for Mrs. Josif there were endless details of domestic problems, school problems, arrange-

ment for the funeral services, plans for leaving Saturday to go to Taunggyi to be with her children, all of which had to be referred to her for decision, and which kept breaking into a constant procession of callers who came to show their love and sympathy. There was no end of friends from all communities constantly at hand to anticipate and relieve her of everything they could. It was a kind providence which had delayed the departure of the Crains so that they could be with Mrs. Josif through those early morning hours. By request Dr. Wiatt and I were to arrange for the funeral service.

Again, what a tribute the funeral service was to Dr. Josif as a spontaneous and voluntary expression of many peoples! Notes and telegrams came pouring in from near and far. Cushing Hall was filled to overflowing, many could not get in. The street was filled with parked cars and buses. The floral tributes came from all communities and more than loaded down the hearse and another car provided for them. The service was short, but was carried through with a deep spirit of reverence and order borne of the loving co-operation of all present. Three short messages in English, Burmese and Karen declared the victorious faith of the Christian life and of Dr. Josif. The American Consul, Mr. Brady, took Mrs. Josif to the cemetery in his car and spoke with feeling of the service as being "both an inspiration and a comfort." Ten pall bearers selected to represent the Burman, Karen, Indian, Anglo-Indian and Missionary Communities carried their brother to his resting place. The funeral cortege was a very long one, and yet at the grave there were many more cars waiting for the service there. It was both a beautiful and solemn service conducted by the pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church. At the close of the service, the flowers which were too many to be all placed on one grave were

spread over two, the other being of Mr. H. W. Smith which lies near. Rangoon has again spoken demonstration and in no uncertain terms her deep appreciation of life and service of a missionary a man, as an educator, as a minister of Christ, and above all as a friend.

There are times when praise comely and silence is sin. I wish this time to speak publicly and personally concerning a long friendship with Dr. Josif, and to give basis of that friendship as an illustration of the great expression of appreciation we have just witnessed. Dr. Josif was such a person, a friendly man, generous to a fault, always ready to spend and be spent to help anyone he could.

He has told me of how he came from the sturdy common stock of Roumania and of his boyhood there. How at the age of sixteen he came to the great land of opportunity, America, and became a cabinet maker. He was associated with an Evangelical group and there came into a personal experience of the living Christ. This was followed by years of hard work to secure his education, teacher training, and at last through the influence of Mr. Hattersley, he was led to give himself to Missionary Service in Burma. How thankful we are for the providence of God which led this gifted lad with his ideals of Christian service and education to Burma, where already he has accomplished such a splendid record!

Dr. Josif was a man of unusual vigor, vigor of body, vigor of mind, vigor of spirit. This has enabled him to carry a tremendous scheduled work, and he seemed not only to do it easily, he enjoyed doing it. It was that abundance of physical vigor which enabled him to carry such a variety of work and responsibilities early and late, day after day. The very physical vigor added to the charm of his personality. He

ngth and wholesome activities are active.

f a strong physique enabled him carry a heavy schedule of work, it s his trained mind richly endowed t enabled him to accomplish so ch mental labour along such a iety of lines. His mind compass-broad horizons which enabled him ckly to see the various sides of a stion or problem, quickly to ana-e it, bring out its various aspects l point out the salient features of These powers made him a wise l trusted counsellor. The Mission well as others recognized these lities and put him into positions exercise them to advantage.

But physique and intellect, great as the advantages they carry with m, do not explain the life and rk of Dr. Josif. The qualities ich made him so many friends re been qualities of heart. He ried with him into all departments life a love for people. He loved be with people and that love was sed on a sincere and friendly erest in individuals. It mattered le to him whether it was with the vly or with the mighty. Out of inexhaustible love of fun and play, would joke with his servants, his ce force or his colleagues with the ne relish. He exuded good will l it made him a welcome guest in y gathering. He was a wholesome, ppy, healthy friend to have.

To him the Christian life was a ppy life. It was the "more abun-at life." His religious faith and pression of it was the type that at-cted — it did not repel. He had that e grace of being able to disagree thout being disagreeable. His out-look upon life was a broad Christian look, not lacking in conviction and alty to his convictions. Indeed, the sic convictions of his life were his mpass and guide, he did not merely ft. Jesus the Christ was his ideal d perfect example, his Redeemer, e revelation of God, the Father.

I have touched upon the qualities which I found in Dr. Josif which has made his friendship mean so much to me personally, and I believe those are the qualities which so strongly appealed to others. He was only forty-eight years old when his call came. He had given twenty years of service to Christ and his fellowmen in Burma, and it looks to us that he could have given another twenty years. From a purely human viewpoint it looks as though a tragic mistake had been made, but God makes no mistakes, though we often do. Have we as a Mission been putting unreasonable burdens upon some men's shoulders simply because there are not enough of us, and because perhaps some in their concern and loyalty to the great cause of Christ are willing to be overloaded? Have we learned our lesson? George Josif is not dead, he has passed from the Church militant into the Church triumphant, he has passed into the glorious eternity of God. Our hearts go out to Mrs. Josif and their children and to the little mother eighty years old in Roumania who was waiting for him here but who will soon meet him in a happier land than Europe.

C. E. Chaney.

Death has again claimed a beloved brother and fellow-worker of our Mission, and one who could ill be spared at this time. The death of two such valuable men as Dr. Josif and Mr. H. W. Smith has made a gap in the work which it will be hard to fill. The suddenness of Dr. Josif's death brought a shock to us all. Having been at a dinner party with him the night before, and having left him about 11 o'clock apparently as well and jolly as ever, I had to read the notice in the *Gazette* a second time before I could believe it was he that was referred to. How strange too that two of the leading men in the work of the Baptist and Methodist Missions should die of

angina. Dr. Josif was in his prime and was just getting into his new work as Field Secretary when he was suddenly called to go.

"Geo. D." was greatly beloved by those who knew him and the large crowd at his funeral made up of so many different races and religions showed that he had made many contacts in this great city of Rangoon, contacts of which many of us knew nothing until his death. He was a real leader and had wide influence. So well trained for his job, it seems so strange when viewed merely from our human standpoint, that he should have had so few years in which to make use of that training. But the effectiveness of a life is not measured by its length, but rather by its intensity. George crowded much into his comparatively short life. He was so kind and helpful, it is no wonder that he had so many friends. I recall Dr. Moffatt's remark, when I asked him during his visit in Burma several years ago, about Dr. Josif who was then studying at Columbia where Dr. Moffatt was at the time teaching. He said, "Josif is a fine man. We all like him." This is how we here feel. He was a fine man, a good Christian brother, and we all liked him. Though dead he yet speaks. May God richly comfort the bereaved loved ones left behind.

W. E. Wiatt.

Along with all the other missionaries of the Burma Baptist Mission, Marion and I were shocked to receive the news of the passing of George D. Josif. It was only last December that all of the Josif family, in Burma, was here. He seemed as strong as ever we had known him, and as youthful in spirit as the young sons who were with their parents. This latter was shown at its best, when the official Field Secretary's visit was interrupted for a three-day care-free stay at Maungmagan during which he romped, played, and swam with his

boys, especially, and the rest of us who were present. Nothing indicated that his colorful, eventful, and Christian life would be joined to those who have labored through the ages, and left us what we shall call our Christian heritage.

It would seem that his work was unfinished. Surely he was anxious to keep the Burmese churches and pastors busy with Christian work and being more effective among the Burmese non-Christians by persuading them to become followers of Jesus. He planned not only for more Baptist mission schools, but he was eager that they should be leading schools among the many schools of Burma and was more than willing to spend his life in this educational project. He told the pupils in our school that there were many people who wanted to be called galons, thakins, or other higher titles with rank, but he was just a man. He was pointing out to them what an honour it was to be just a man among men. His friends were counted among many nationalities, who recognized him as a man among men, because of his tolerant, co-ordinating, co-operating, and Christian spirit. The world stands in vast need of more men like George Josif, our late Field Secretary, whose work is unfinished, as we would say, but God in his wisdom sees beyond our limited sight, and we can but accept it, "It is His will."

Again we extend to Esther, his real loving helpmate, and their four children,—Harold, Emily, Paul, and Donald,—our sympathy and love.

Marion and Walter Sutton

What tragedy has befallen our Mission in the sudden passing of our greatly esteemed Dr. Josif! How are we going to stand up under it? For him it was "one clear call" and then, most unexpectedly, he met his "Pilot face to face" when he had "crossed the bar." Twenty years of stalwart service behind him, but there

ould have been twenty more in ont of him. His was the type who ould gladly have stayed and served nger but God has willed otherwise. wo Field Secretaries to go while in vice within a little over a year, and heart complications. What are the ssions we must learn!

I think back to the time when Mr. agrave left us so suddenly ten years o. One of the many things he so adly did for Mr. Heptonstall was undertake all his little Rangoon urchases. Dr. Josif immediately rote to "Uncle Henry" and asked e "privilege" he called it, of taking s place in this. He said he would e careful in details and he was. gain I recall when we came back om the Calcutta hospital and enry was taken to the Rangoon ospital for blood transfusion. Dr. osif was among the many on the harf to superintend the transfer, id when it was over and we were dered back to Taunggyi, it was r. Josif who asked the "privilege" making all the arrangements of ansfer. As the hour approached wards train time and Dr. Josif id not arrived, someone glanced ervously at the clock and another eckmated by saying, "No need to atch the clock. Dr. Josif is far too sy a man to come five minutes rly, but he will not be five minutes te." He was not. I treasure now little note he wrote me just as he as leaving Namkham and gave to e nurse who had attended him, a aunggyi girl returning on holiday. as just a cheerful word of greet- g saying he hoped to see me in pril, but from one so thronged with ork problems, how much it meant to bed ridden weary cripple! I could l the pages of the NEWS with just ch little kind deeds. We have met ith a great loss, and our sympathy es out tenderly to the stricken mily who have met with a greater. ad they not "an anchor that holds

the soul steadfast and sure while the billows roll" they could not endure it.

May I end with a word of thanks to the host of friends who have remembered me in my affliction with cards and letters that have greatly cheered and encouraged me, but to whom I am unable to reply personally. Easter was a wonderful day when I was allowed out in a long chair on the verandah to participate in the Children's sunrise service held this year on my lawn and well attended. God's ways may be shrouded in mystery but He still rules.

Elizabeth M. Heptonstall.

Where is the Man to Fill This Vacancy?

This question is asked in the February Number of "MISSIONS" on page 96, concerning another Field Secretary. Now that same question comes home to us with double force. Although many of us knew that Dr. Geo. D. Josif was remarkable in many ways I wonder how many of us knew his stature in reality. He was born in Roumania forty-eight years ago, into the Greek Orthodox faith. In 1907, when sixteen years of age he came to the U. S. A. That was the year I came to Burma. As a boy he knew his mother tongue, Roumanian, and also went to a German school and learned that language so that he was as much at home in it as in his own tongue. But when he reached America he knew no English. He planned to stay till he was twenty-one and then return. He worked at his trade, Cabinet Making, during those years and sent much of his earnings to his father in Roumania, who expected him to return and take up the farm work. But when he became of age he had a desire to stay in America. During those years he had been converted, and then desired a College education. That was in English in

which he became more proficient than many who use it as a mother tongue. He rarely made a grammatical error, although his pronunciation was sometimes defective. He had achieved that in the thirteen years between 1907 and the time he came to Burma in 1920. Here he settled down to the study of his fourth language, passed his two examinations and was soon using Burmese in his work. Because we piled so many different kinds of work on him he never became as proficient in Burmese as in the others, but it was never a handicap to him, and he preached in that with telling effect. But he always saw something ahead of him to strive for. So while on his last furlough, which was extended, he spent his time working for his Doctor's degree, and received it. He came back to Burma as a Dr. of Education. Then characteristically we piled all the work we could onto him. Superintendent of two High Schools—Cushing at least had been proclaimed by Dr. Padelford, when he visited us in 1932-33, as one of our most important schools, and one that must be maintained at all costs. Then we made him Educational Advisor for the whole Mission, and appointed him to every Educational Committee that we had, and created some new ones for him. Then after we had piled two full-time jobs on H. W. Smith and killed him off we handed Josif the Field Secretary's job in addition to the rest. Perhaps we are not altogether to blame for this last job, as the Board at Home has insisted that we must have a Field Secretary, although they did not furnish us enough Missionaries to fill the places. However we piled more work on one man than he could do, and live through it. And he never slighted his work. But we must set our Missionary foot down flatly and firmly, and say, "Never again will we give one man two full-time jobs."

Josif was one of the most friendly and versatile men whose friendship I have ever had the pleasure of forming. We have been close friends from the time he first arrived in Burma. Our first acquaintance was perhaps when he, with Mr. Josif, returned from Moulmein with their first born, "My son Harold." And the proud father beamed pretty broadly while he made the announcement. From then on, our friendship has been close, being for years in the same kind of work, and in adjoining fields we were thrown into each other's company very often, to my great advantage. The culmination came in a three-months' trip on our way to America in the summer of 1933. He planned the trip across India and found that we could stop at Malta, and then travel the length of Italy, and then spend a month in Roumania, and in his home town with his mother. He made the plan for the trip, and was our leader. His German came in handy many times. When we reached Roumania he made contacts with many of our Baptist churches, both Roumanian and German, and once a Hungarian. I would make a talk in English, with few who could understand, then he would interpret in Roumanian or German as the case might be, and then follow with an address in the language of the church. We visited about a dozen churches in that way. That trip took us to Hungary where we spoke in a Baptist church in Budapest and then another in Prague. And we spent about a week in Germany where he acted as official interpreter. We have had few men as genuinely friendly, and as many-sided as George D. Josif, the Christian man. And we must close this estimation as we began, "Where can we find a man to take his place!"

M. C. Paris

Card of Thanks

Dear Friends,

On behalf of the children and myself I want to thank you all for your letters of sympathy, your thoughtful deeds of helpfulness, and your offers to help us in so many ways. Your prayers for us have been abundant and have helped a great deal. I never knew before what it means to be borne up by others in prayer. Your love and the wonderful fellowship of the Burma Missionary family will be treasured always.

Very sincerely,
Esther Josif.

❖ ❖ ❖

Daw Nyein May

The many friends of the mission group in Burma who know and appreciate the long and faithful service of Saya U Chit Pyu first at Henzada, later with his accomplished wife as teacher in the Judson Boys' School, Moulmein, until he took up his duties as general supervisor of Mon work, will deeply sympathize with him in his great loss by pneumonia of his wife, Daw Nyein May.

Having worked up to the limit of her strength for the success of the annual Mon Association which met this year in her home town of Judon, she was laid aside by a cold which quickly developed into pneumonia. So that the very day on which the meetings began, she regretfully left for the Mission hospital in Moulmein. Her plans, carried out by her associates, enabled the entertainment of several hundred delegates to go off without a hitch. Sunday night, February 25th, witnessed the happy close of one of the best associations in recent years but proved the eve of her home-going. For, by 9 a.m., Monday, she had heard her Father's call to higher service.

The funeral service at the Mon chapel, and the subsequent burial in the Baptist cemetery at Moulmein,

was largely attended, and included friends from the unreturned delegates of Mon villages in the Tavoy District to a host of friends in Moulmein Town, itself. Remarks in the chapel were effectively made by Rev. L. T. Ah Syoo, while the service at the cemetery was in charge of Rev. M. L. Streeter, Tavoy, acting Mon Missionary in the absence of Rev. Roger Cummings on furlough. At the request of their daughter and her husband stationed on Government service in Myingyan District the actual interment was delayed until about 9 p.m. upon the arrival of the evening train from Rangoon.

Those of us who are associated with her husband, now left alone after twenty-eight years of united service for the Master rejoice in the evident strength and courage given him to meet this present trial and the untrodden pathway ahead alone—a wonderful demonstration of the sustaining power of Christ in daily living.

Shall we not remember our brother in special prayer as this news comes to us so unexpectedly?

M. L. Streeter.

❖ ❖ ❖

Grace Maine and Lena Case

Perhaps there are no other women in Burma whose lives have touched mine quite so intimately as did those of the two friends who have just been called to the Heavenly home.

Before we left America we came to know Grace Maine, and the friendship begun there became deeply cemented on the journey out. During our first term when she was in Toungoo and so our nearest neighbor, she was a constant source of inspiration and help.

I have no words to express what Grace meant to me. In a letter which I got from Miss Good since Grace's death she said, "to try to describe Grace Maine is like trying to

describe the fragrance of a flower." That is how I feel, too. She was a great person. God must have had a very special reason for calling her now.

Ganga Ma, who helped care for her in the hospital wrote us in detail of her last days on earth. As I read her letter I realized that even those last days, so filled with suffering, typified her whole life: forgetfulness of self; thoughtfulness of others; an unwavering and beautiful faith in her Lord.

During these months since we've known of Lena's critical illness, our hearts have ached for Mr. and Mrs. Case and Clarke,—and we have realized how inadequate is human effort to help and comfort. Sometimes we have even wondered why this life should be cut off in the full strength and beauty of its service.

I remember when I learned the truth of God's promise "as thy day is so shall thy strength be." I have seen the truth of it proved again in these last months when we wondered sometimes how these friends could possibly bear the burden placed upon them. But they did—in such a glorious way that their faith has been a testimony not only to us and the Christian community, but to officials and other people here in town as well.

Mrs. Case's life was truly typical of that of a gracious, Christian woman. She gave freely of her time and interests to further His Kingdom here in this place. She created a lovely home wherein her talent for home making and hospitality was at its best. Her beautiful faith and courage during her long illness has enriched still further the testimony of her life.

When the cable came saying that she had gone, I sat down to write a note to Brayton to send with the cable which had to be mailed as he

was on tour and could not be reached by wire. I could find only a few weak words to express what was in my heart, but later when we got a letter from him in answer to my note, I was amazed at his fortitude and I realized that out of his sorrow he was comforting and encouraging us.

Such is the stuff of which Christians are made.

Surely these who have gone have not died in vain. As we look at their record they have left we know they have finished the tasks God gave them to do.

Edna Smith



To Grace A. Maine

Sleep that is dreamless must be
indeed —

We smile through tears,
Such peace our Father has decreed
Yours through the years.

We in your native land who love
you well,
But others too —
Who heard the matchless story
His grace,
Because of you.

In lands afar, nobly you lived
wrought.

Your spirit fine
Has left for every higher, truer a
Impress on mine.

Good-night, dear friend, our comfort
lies in this:

Where next we meet
No fear of any death shall rob
our joy,
Endless, complete.

Grace Alice DeW

The Celebration of the Centennial of the Printing of the Judson Burmese Bible

Father Scoffed at the Bible and
His Son and Daughter Embraced
Christianity

In connection with the celebration we named the following story must be told. It is too good to be kept hidden under a bushel. The story happens to be acquainted with the story, being told by the son himself who is still living. It is written with the view, not only of interesting the readers but also to give further information connected with the story, if such are forthcoming from any quarter, and also supply further particulars, if need be, as the names of all the parties intimately connected with the story kept back at present.

It was in the reign of King Mindon that a missionary presented the king with five copies of Judson's Burmese Bible, well-bound in leather and gilt edged. The king accepted the gift but never opened the volumes. He called in his most learned secretaries, five of them, and ordered them to go through it in three months and bring a concentrated report of the contents. When the report appointed came, the cleverest and most eloquent one of the five acted spokesman for all. No doubt, they must have discovered many precious truths in the holy Book. But who dare tell a despotic monarch of valuable truths found in the book of a foreign religion opposed to the favoured tenets of state religion? That would endanger life and liberty, not to speak of losing high positions. The only way out was to make fun of the many incidents recorded in the Book. So the spokesman sharpened his wits and

purveyed plenty of food for laughter and the whole court roared with merriment. The king was very pleased. Peals after peals of laughter echoed through the Royal Audience Hall. That ended the teachings of the Bible so far as the king's interests in them are concerned.

After the annexation of Upper Burma in 1885 the Baptist mission was established in Mandalay with a boys' school and a girls' school. The son and the daughter of the scoffer came for education to these institutions. It might have been after the death of their father. They both became Christians and were received into the Baptist fold. The daughter married a man who afterwards became a well-known preacher. The son remains a bachelor still.

For the son of a prominent Buddhist to become a Christian could not fail to excite the indignation of neighbours and former friends. They started a quiet persecution. Attempts were made on his life several times. As he related the story to the writer, he professed that God had providentially saved his life each time. Even now he is always on guard and careful of his movements even in daylight. He knows that some people think that he is suffering from monomania. He assured the writer that the danger was real and not imaginary as he has learned from past experiences.

We should be glad to know who the missionary was that presented the Bible to King Mindon. It is easy enough to ascertain the names of the head scoffer and the sons and daughters. The most interesting thing to us of the whole affair is here: the irony. The father scoffed at the Bible and the son and daughter are worshipping the God of the Bible.

Ba Te.

Henzada Associations

At the full moon of Tabodwe the paddy fields of the delta spread out mile after mile of dry, dusty stubble. The harvest is reaped and threshed. No ploughing can be done until the first rains soften the ground, and it will be two months before that happens. This, then, is a time of leisure for the Delta farmers. They are free to travel, to enjoy festivals, and in general to make merry. This is the time which the Christians among them choose for their yearly Associations, and it was my good fortune to be able to attend two of them, one Burmese and one Karen.

To a village called Thabawthabyu flocked Karen Christians from a whole countryside. There are 8,000 of them in that particular district and 3,000 were at the Association. Some travelled as much as sixty miles to get there. Some came part way by steamer, or train, or bus, but many walked or rode in bullock carts over the fields. Dust everywhere made the fields drab, but the *pauk* tree, the true "flame of the forest," was ablaze with vivid orange, and the cotton tree was just beginning to glow deep red with bloom.

The people of Thabawthabyu had built a huge *mandat* for the occasion, a temporary structure of bamboo and thatch erected in a rice field just outside the village. For floor there was the earth, with the harsh stubble softened by a generous layer of straw. A flat roof ten feet high, made of a thin layer of thatching grass resting on bamboo rafters, was supported on bamboo poles planted at intervals of ten feet. It was about 150 feet square, big enough to accommodate the 3,000 people for meetings by day and serve as their dormitory by night.

The pastor of the village opens the proceedings. He is a venerable man with white hair, and walrus moustache also white. His spectacles rest low

on his nose. He wears a skirt of dark olive green silk and a jacket of homespun cotton with red borders and stripes of Karen design; the jacket open in front to show a collarless shirt in vivid red, white and blue vertical stripes. Round his head he wound a kerchief of pale pink silk. He speaks eloquently in his own Karen language, sing-song and monosyllabic. His voice is musical, but cracks a little and quavers on the higher notes. For most of the time he holds his Bible in his hand, and often he turns to the young people and commends it to them. It is the Golden Book of Karen legend, once lost for many generations and now once more in danger of being neglected. With the grave concern of an old man for the apparent heedlessness of the new generation he expounds a text which tells how Hezekiah "did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord according to all that David his father had done."

There was something prophetic and impressive in his gestures, and occasionally he rose to flights of eloquence which stirred his audience. Granted though his costume was, there was nothing effeminate about him, and indeed, the gay colours of his clothing paled almost to dullness against the background of brilliant paper streamers, paper flowers and paper butterflies which decorated the platform.

A sad-looking preacher followed with an address on the Shakespearean theme "A merry heart goes all the day. Your sad tires in a mile-a." He is evidently not so mournful as I look. Karen faces often look sad when in repose. Even when they are singing vigorous, cheerful songs the sad expression does not always vanish. Perhaps it is a mark of the oppression which for long years they endured.

In the evening the *mandat* is lit by incandescent lamps. It is packed, and three thousand people rise to the

as the missionary and his wife, followed by Karen elders and an accordion which plays a Viennese waltz. The missionaries take their seats at the centre of the platform among the coloured streamers, and a choir gives a perfect rendering of the anthem "I will give thanks unto the Lord." Mr. and Mrs. Phelps have worked for the Karens for thirty-five years or so, and this is the farewell service for them as they retire. It is with full hearts that they "give thanks unto the Lord" for all that the missionaries have done. A speaker sketches the history of those years and tells what benefits have come to the Karens under the guidance of the retiring missionaries. At one point he is so much moved that he has to pause to master his emotion, and has several false starts before he gets going again. But when he comes to the end of the English version of his farewell address he is in good form again, and reads the address a second time, in the Sgaw Karen language, then a third, in Pwo Karen.

Choirs sing, and then a daintily dressed lady in fine silks makes the presentation to the missionaries — sets of beautifully woven Karen costumes which they at once put on. The meeting is next thrown open for village churches to make individual presentations. For a few moments there is silence, which is embarrassing for the missionaries; then a pastor from a distant village comes up with yet another Karen costume which is put on over the others. The audience, which has been a little somnolent during the long addresses, is now thoroughly awake and hilarious. This is fun. Well worth waiting for!

Another anthem, perfectly sung, by a choir which could carry off prizes at musical festivals. And now the missionary replies. It is hard for parents to leave their children; there must always be sorrow at parting, he tells them. Quietly, and with sure

confidence in God, he blesses them and commends them to the God and Father of all mankind. His wife also speaks, warning them of difficulty and danger ahead, but assuring them of the all-sufficiency of God's grace.

Yet another choir, all girls this time. There are only six of them but they sing with full harmony and one voice seems to get well down to the bass. All these choirs sing unaccompanied. The leader twangs a tuning fork, gives the note, counts the time in a whisper, and all come in strongly on the first note: there are no ragged starts. Many of the anthems are of local composition, and any village choir seems to be able to get up at any time and sing. The music is usually in manuscript, and six or eight people crowd round one exercise book, apparently able to read music with equal ease from the front or the side or even with the book upside down!

A notice chalked on the fence of the village church close by says "WELCOME" in English. In the same breath it says in Burmese "NO ADMISSION." Amusing, and one wonders if this is race prejudice. But perhaps not. The Burmese Buddhist neighbours are naturally curious, and as no fence or hedge guards the approaches to the *mandat* they come across the field and peep over the flimsy wall of the *mandat* itself. At meal times they do more than peep. Police had to be sent for to keep gate-crashing within reasonable limits.

The Burmese Association was held at Danubyu, an Irrawaddy river port famous in Burmese history as the place where the great General Bandoola was killed in battle with the British. It was altogether more sophisticated, for there was electric light to illuminate the *mandat*, and a substantial school building to accommodate the visitors. At one side of the *mandat* the tops of riverside huts peeped over an eight-foot embankment, and people were constantly

walking past on top of the bank. A Buddhist monk with his alms-bowl, a Buddhist nun dressed in pale apricot, or a group of market women carrying baskets of vegetables on their heads. At the other side of the *mandat* was a public road where bullock carts creaked and an occasional decrepit bus clattered by. Then there were bicycles with sidecars attached, plying for hire like taxis. Some of them flaunted the Union Jack—a contrast to the Stars and Stripes flown over the American Mission school, though the *mandat* itself was British enough! Coloured pictures of the royal family hung on several of the posts, and a loud-voiced streamer over the speaker's chair repeated eight times in large capital letters "GOD SAVE THE KING." The streamer really said it ten times, but two of these vain repetitions were hidden by Chinese banners in dull red silk.

Another banner announced in bold Burmese lettering the text which was the central theme of this Association: "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Many of the speakers talked on this theme. Some of them were quite young, faltering in speech but very eager as they tried to pass on the vision they had caught at a Youth Conference a few weeks earlier. They talked on fellowship, on the kingdom, and on our responsibility for spreading the good news. It was stirring to see youth to the fore like this, and when a girl pronounced that "the youths of to-day are the leaders of tomorrow," we felt inclined to agree. If these speakers were a fair sample of the youth of to-day, there is hope for tomorrow.

The elders were more cautious, perhaps more sensible of their responsibility. One of them rebukes the members of the assembly for not giving enough of their money to the service of God. He craves their indulgence as he applies a very pointed proverb about the bullock which, left

to itself, is lazy when pulling the plough, and when goaded, kicks. This speaker certainly goaded his audience and they did not kick. Perhaps they will pull harder as a result.

Another of the elders talks about creeds—a word which is overworked to-day, for even children sitting in the teashops are asking each other "What's your creed?" Perhaps an echo of the glaring posters issued by the Government which shout from every hoarding condemnation of the Nazi creed. A more pertinent question, says the speaker, is "Are you fit?" And he brings out an illustration startling in its unexpectedness in this setting. "Tommy Farr, the great pugilist," he tells us, "was rejected as unfit for the army. Questions were even asked about him in parliament. Our Master will ask questions about us. Let us see to it that our fitness for His service is no mere show."

Mr. Case holds the Association in rapt attention as he talks with masterly eloquence on the evils of debt. He urges them to think of borrowing as selling oneself and one's family, for that is what it often amounts to. Miss Pond speaks about the Women's Bible School. I am given time to talk about the Bible Society and to urge the people to make much of God's Word in this year to the Judson Bible Centenary. And Mr. Hobbs preaches a sermon so positive and forceful on "Christian Giving" that we are all forced to take stock of ourselves and ask whether we are faithful stewards.

This Association too has its farewells to say. Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs are being transferred, and there is an eloquent speech in lovely Burmese regretting their going. How good the Burmans are at this sort of thing! Never at a loss. Just the right words for the occasion, and the words ring true for it is obvious how much the people love their missionaries. They make them stand, and representatives

on each church come and shake hands with them.

Before I end I wish to say a very grateful word of thanks to all my Baptist missionary friends who have shown me kindness during the past year, in welcoming me to their homes and giving me the freedom of their wishes. My latest tour took me to Masein where the Conrads gave me a good welcome and went through a good deal of trouble to ensure that the Bible Society had a hearing. Particularly happy was the service where the Pwo Karen and the Burmese Christians held combined morning worship.

To you all I wish to offer my deepest sympathy in the great loss which you have recently sustained. Mr. Josif was a man who carried heavy burdens lightly, and who seemed good for many years of vigorous service. He had just accepted office as a member of the Bible Society Committee, and although he had not attended a meeting, we shall miss him, for we know how wise a counsellor he was. May God grant to you all, and especially to his bereaved family, His comfort in present sorrow, and His wisdom in planning for the future.

H. C. Willans.



The Mon Association

From the evening of February 3rd, when the annual meeting of the Mon Home Mission Committee was held, to the closing moments of the competitive concert on Sunday evening, the 25th, the meetings of the annual Mon Association held at Mudson exemplified the spirit of their chosen theme for the year, found in Ex. 14:15, "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." The very atmosphere of the sessions each day revealed the purpose of "Prayerful Progress."

It was unheartening, indeed, to realize that from the original one

church at Kamawet there are now eight churches with a total net membership of 654 against 604 for the previous year; and at this particular gathering, including the four missionaries present there were 366 in attendance. Thirty-five neighboring Karens and visitors from Mudson brought the total number up to 451.

In spite of whatever local economic difficulties any one church may have sustained during the year, the one note which resounded in all the church letters was that of *forward*. Not only so, but a definite statement from each church contributing to the work of the Association was that none wished any funds returned to them for their support. They will meet their own responsibilities. To those familiar with former conditions in the Mon churches, this will be a most welcome report of progress.

The Association Treasurer, U Aung Bwa, reported a total income of Rs. 846-8-0; and a closing credit balance of Rs. 119-10-6. If possible, it is planned to put a Young Peoples' worker into the field of the Association the coming year. Along with this emphasis, we would mention the fine Christian Endeavor service held from 1-30 p.m.—2-30 p.m. on Sunday. Aside from the usual reports of progress from the six societies in the Association, there were testimonies of what Christian Endeavor really means to those adults active in the work of the church, as well as a training school for the boys and girls just learning to express themselves in leading meetings and committee work "For Christ and The Church."

Not unlike most of our Associations, one definite reason for hope in the coming year for Mon work was seen in the two sessions for women held on the closing day—Sunday. At 7 a.m. the prayer meeting led by the wife of the pastor at Kamawet, Daw Hnin Yi, was attended by seventy-five or more women, and a source of inspiration for the entire day.

At 2-30 p.m., for two hours the business session of the Woman's Society not only learned of what the women of each church were doing, but after hearing the report of their own Bible woman, Ma Ngwe Yone, resolved to take on another worker, perhaps for Young Peoples' work, Ma Saw Shin, just graduated from the Bible School at Insein. During the past year the work of the Woman's Society was in the able hands of the President, Daw Po Bvu of Moulmein, and her associates. But for the coming year, Daw Thein Tin of Thanbyusayat and Wethanchaung, succeeded to the position of President.

This year the competitive choir concert, held annually, resulted in the banner being awarded to the Kama-wet choir, while the smaller group from Yegyaw, Tavoy District, holders of the banner for last year, were very close runners-up.

Not always do the number of baptisms in a given association reveal the whole story, but this year we feel that the fact that the churches reported baptisms to the total of sixty-nine for the year just closed, and that one church has already begun with the baptism of twelve for the new year augurs well for the future.

Resolutions: The *first* of three resolutions made by the Association was an emphasis on the Family Altar; until, under the encouragement of the pastor, every home in every church shall select the most convenient hour for daily spiritual sustenance. *Secondly*, it was resolved to search out and prepare consecrated young people who may be sent as soon as possible to the Seminary and Bible School for future leadership. *Thirdly*, following out the accepted resolution of the All-Burma Missionary Convention at its annual meeting at Henzada, it was resolved that the members of this Association give for the spread of God's Kingdom in Burma not only in money, but in time, and vegetables,

fowls, animals, or other property which may be raised and sold for such a worthy purpose.

That these resolutions may become a part of the Christian programme for each home in every church, it was voted that a copy of the same be printed and distributed throughout the entire district at once by the Secretary of the Association.

M. L. Streeter



Tavoy-Mergui Karen Association

It is always an inspiration to see college people to get out into the jungle and be with the people. And when a telegram came asking if I could attend the Tavoy-Mergui Association, I could not resist, even though the trip was a long one.

This is the second time I have been to that Association and I found myself searching for friends. Thra old Thra with the brilliant longyos that had large squares of purple and red (surprisingly pretty!) one tooth in front gone—but when you saw his smile break all over his face and looked into his eyes, you knew that he had lived on the deep things of life; that pastor with such a keen look whose little daughter always sat with him in the front row; that sweet-faced Thramu who helped with the concert last year; that old, old man, so small he seemed almost shriveled up, over 80 now, but one of the saints of God, his fellow workers call him. Thra Kanbe and Mg Ngee who were ordained last year; the Thra with the greying hair who stands so tall and straight, whose face carried a note of victory that made you look twice; the Bible women; the pastor's wife, Thramu Krusie, who was so deeply concerned about the mother's responsibility to her children, and who talked as fast as lightning when she got up to speak.

Thra Caesar; Thra Charlemagne; Thra Napoleon; Thra Razor; Thra Calachée — yes, they were all there, but the sweet-faced Thramu. He had died a few weeks ago. We saw the tiny baby boy she left, and talked with the young husband who has four children to bring up.

The Association was held at Panamée — one of the best Karen villages I ever saw, and one of the outstanding ones in that district. It took us all day to get there from Tavoy — a motor trip of 100 miles, carrying across four rivers and then going up the fifth, Palaw, in a native boat. How lovely that ride was up the river in the late afternoon, in and out along the banks, with their green Danee palms!

There were 1,750 at the Association and all were royally entertained, fed with the "fatted pig." When we came away one Thra told us, "There are five pigs left; we could have had more folks come." I wonder how many pigs were killed!

The thing that always amazes me is the way the Karens, poor as they are, raise money. I feel almost nig-gardly when I think of them. The list of projects the Association contributes to is long: the Karen Seminary in Insein, The Karen Woman's Bible School, their own missionary work among the Siamese down on the Mergui border, their own A. V. High School in Tavoy of which they are so proud and to which they give so generously, their Home Mission work — funds for helping boys go to the Seminary — and the C. E. All this besides their pastor's salary. And this year, they added to it all plans for completing the Morrow Memorial High School building in Tavoy and pledged themselves to raise Rs. 15,000 in two years. How can they do it? Yet they are undertaking it! Each village was assessed so much and when Thra Ah Du read out the assessments he called the pastor of the village to stand.

When the Thra stood he said to him — "You are assessed (say Rs. 50). Take it?" When the answer came back "Yes," then Thra Ah Du went on — "Promise to get it?" And always the answer was "Yes"!

How do they ever pay for all these things? I do know and feel though that the pastors do not get enough salary. If ever there is a sacrificial service on earth, it is on the part of many of our pastors throughout this land. Some of the pastors are educated men, graduates of our seminary, and they see their friends go into business or teaching and earning as much in one month as they get all year long. One young pastor, a seminary graduate, told Mr. Sutton that he had received as salary this year, five baskets of rice and Rs. 25! It was a privilege to shake hands with him.

Another interesting thing is the way the people of different races work together down there in that district. There are about eight Pwo Karen villages I was told, and they all co-operate and work with the Sgaws. Sometimes talks are given in Sgaw Karen and sometimes in Pwo. There is one Pwo Karen family there that makes your heart turn over: Thra Shwe Kyu's of Palawkee. All of the six children have had A. V. education, one boy (a seminary graduate) is now pastor of the church his father had so long and another son is attending the Seminary now. How they can sing — exceptional talent. Mrs. Sutton asked them if at one meeting they would not sing as a family, and they did. It was a grand sight — mother, father and five children (the youngest is in Tavoy in school) singing unto God. I thought of the verse: "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord." A princely family!

Another interesting phase of co-operative work was seen in Panamée

village itself. The old pastor, Thra Kyaw Po (who by the way is father of Chit Maung of Judson College who just recently married Vere Le) has done a remarkable work among the Burmans in his village. Besides ministering to the Karens, he has patiently worked and won his way of friendship with the Burmans and now has baptized fifteen into the church. And he has made so many other friends among the non-Christian Burmans that they pitched in and helped entertain the Association, and even sang us a song one night. Those fifteen Christians come to the Karen service and worship with them; though Thra Gyaw Po does preach to them in Burmese, after he has given his Karen sermon.

Choirs! They were better than ever. Two of them—one from Palawkee, which has the family of Thra Shwe Kyu in it—and one from Myittha, under the leadership of a young graduate from the seminary—were really inspiring. How I'd like to have a record of their songs to take to America! And to think the music they sing is more or less made up, "out of their heads"! How grand it would be someday to have some of these gifted folks trained to sing the Messiah or some of our great church music! One choir gave us a most original song. The pastor sang an obligato solo of a lovely old Karen air, and the choir of twelve or so sang the accompaniment that sounded (we were told) just like an old Karen harp. It was bewitching!

The motto of the Association was "Occupy till I come" and I thought more than once as I gazed at it above our heads, how wonderfully the Karens were carrying on God's work. What a harvest it would seem to the early missionaries, like Boardman, who planted the seed! The work is continuing to grow. The missionary in charge is very wisely keeping himself in the back-

ground whenever possible and letting the people go ahead and lead. And they are advancing. When we think that in the last twenty years since Mr. and Mrs. Sutton came, schools have increased from four to sixty-two, and church membership has more than doubled, we realize something of the growth. There are now about 5,000 Karen Christians in that district. If our churches at home could see some of these things and could realize the difference Christ makes in the lives of the villagers, there would never, never be a question of the worthwhileness of it all. God is leading on and we have much for which to praise Him.

Helen Gates



Pegu

At last after many moons the somewhat talked about Bell Tower has been finished, is an accomplished fact. It stands erect, and the donor thinks it ought to stand a hundred years. I hope so. It has all been done with Burmese workmen, masons and carpenters, and coolies. The work was done slowly, but well. You cannot get men who work for a rupee a day to hustle as some of us think they ought. All I did was to stand around and boss the job. But there were other things being done at the same time. I spent the first Sunday in January and the last Sunday in February in Pegu, the rest were spent with churches. Besides the church observed the week of prayer, and it extended into the second week. One evening we invited the church to hold a service at our house, and nearly a hundred were present, of whom twenty or more adults were non-Christian, and as many school children. Of course we had to have a feed, but it was worth while. But talking about the week of prayer it seems to me that we ought to make out a program of topics of *our own* (for all the years

have known anything about 'the week of prayer we have used the same set of topics over every year, made out by a Committee in England) something fresh that fitted our own conditions would revive the interest in that week for all our churches. The middle of February found me, after a seventeen-mile (y (?) ride in an ox-cart, out at one of our jungle churches. The trip was made in five hours. Sometimes the dust raised by over two hundred other carts of paddy and fuel we met, was so thick that the cart ahead was invisible. In a week I visited three churches, and preached six times besides holding one Communion service; expected to hold one in each church, but one of our other preachers had been there the week before. The 22nd found me at the last one of the three. I expected to stay one night, but was urged to stay two. Was awakened just before the 23rd, by a clap of thunder, when rain poured down for more than an hour and a half. That made it too late to start anyway, so I rested during the day, till about four p.m. when another storm came up, and till after seven at night the rain poured and there was a constant roar of thunder. It seemed that the rains had set in. But a little after seven the stars came out and cleared off. But it was too late for a service then, especially out in a jungle village where all evening services are held before dark. So we planned to come home the next a.m., and were on the way by 6-30 for a ten-mile ox-cart ride. And it was mud and water, nearly half deep sometimes for the whole distance. The trip out had been dust; coming back that dust had turned to mud, and it took as long to come the ten miles as it did to go the seventeen. I sometimes wish I had a Dodge with wheels like an ox-cart. I have that trip again, to one of those churches the 15th March, to the

meeting of our local, seven churches Association. Then get ready to go to Conference in Maymyo. Our regular Pegu Burmese Association comes the same dates as Conference, so as I cannot very well be in both places at the same time the Association will have to get along without me. Our cold weather had turned hot, but the rain has cooled it off again. When I got home I found they had had rain enough to partly lay the dust.

One D. V. B. S. has been held, and two more are in full swing, with attendance, in at least one of them, on the increase; also two or three more planned. One Association has reported a thousand Gospels sold; that's fine. I hope many of the others will have as good a report, if not to me to the News, and especially to the Vernacular papers. That is the best kind of a Centennial celebration of the Judson Bible that I know of. Let it be kept up and increased. There are at least four of the 1840 edition, the First Edition of Judson's Bible, here in Pegu. The man who gave us the Bell Tower wants to have a celebration and have all those Bibles present. I wonder how many other of those old Bibles can be found in our Churches. If others know of them it will be of interest to have them reported through the News. There are a few still at the Press to be sold only as Pulpit bibles. After one hundred years the paper in them is still good.

M. C. Parish.

During January we were happy over the baptism of eleven people into the Pegu church, nine of them pupils of our own school and one from the Government School. Only one was over sixteen years, she a woman of over forty. One of these pupils to be baptized is a fourteen

year old Tamil girl whose mother is a sweeper. Now in the Sixth Standard, she has been in our school since she was a small child, through the influence and help of a Christian nurse in the local hospital. She is a credit to any Christian church. One boy in school is to be baptized in his village.

These pupils who have been baptized: some who came in previous years, but who need instruction; and some who, we hope, will come later, are at present taking a special course in Bible Study given by our Bible Woman, Ma Ah Naw.

Pegu is suffering from epidemics of small pox and measles. Vaccination and re-vaccination are the order of the day. One small boy was caught breaking out with measles in chapel one morning, and was hustled away. No other cases have appeared in school, so far; but we "have our eyes peeled."

Today (13th February) our Hindu pupils are absent from classes, worshipping the "goddess of learning." We'll see whether the absence from classes of learning will help when examination time comes. I must say that *some* of these Hindu pupils are leading their classes, not because they worship the "Goddess" of Learning but because they really apply themselves to their studies.

Mary L. Parish.



Toungoo—Paku

It was a pleasure for Mrs. Marshall and myself to renew our acquaintances with old friends at Bassein when we accepted Thra San Ba's kind invitation to participate in the "Our Day" festivities there the middle of March. There were very interesting competitions between school and village teams especially noticeable being the base-ball (adapted) games. The service of farewell to the Tenth Standard pupils was impressive and also it

should be noticed, the very touching tributes paid to Miss Tingley on the eve of her retirement. She is one who has given herself to the school and the building of character into the lives of the young people there and she has succeeded wonderfully well. Most valuable and beautiful presents were sent her from all over Burma. Her quiet life has surely not been without its reward.

The next day after getting home I saw a bunch of us starting out for our Association at the well-laid out village of Ingyaw on the plain. Besides ourselves and the Klein we had as guests Mr. Case, Mr. Graham and Miss Carman. An innovation was a prearranged program with a general topic "Revivethy work, O Lord." Each speaker was given a phase of this to bring home to the people. Two Bible Studies added to the interest. We all felt that it was a step forward and there was the best cooperation among the speakers many of whom were also visitors, such as Thras F. Gyaw, Tu Saw, Dwe Myat, Moole and John Thet Gyi who came representing the C. L. S. A house was set aside as a prayer room and though it was not used as much as we hoped, yet it began to have its effect on the people. Seven hundred Gospels of Luke in Karen were sold at one pice each and 200 in Burmese besides some in other languages. The resolutions were forward looking. One was that Thra Laita should be the travelling Secretary for the Association. In this he will largely take the place of the travelling missionary. We rejoice in the good spirit and good reports that were brought in, also in about Rs. 400 increase in annual contributions. Now begins the steady drive to get more Bible reading, for which purpose a two pice outline for Bible reading has been prepared, in all the churches this coming year, and further steps toward a real revival.

The day following the Association, number remained on to ordain the village pastor, Thra Luther. He gave a good account of himself and there was an impressive Ordination service.

In town there is a never-ending rush of all kinds of activities. The school year is drawing to its close. There were twenty-four baptisms on the Paku side and thirty-nine on the We side including Harold and Frances Klein. Mr. Klein reports that in the Bunker school there have been readjustments, payment of old bills and repairs netting an outlay of about Rs. 5,000 all paid for this year, which shows a wonderful increase in contributions, collections, fees and co-operation on the part of the people.

With Mr. Case's help we are opening two centres for rural uplift in the hills. Two supervisors will carry on, with the aid of interested villagers, experiments in contour cultivation and the introduction of new crops. In this work and also in the forming of some marketing co-operatives we are fortunate in having the very cordial co-operation of the Township Officer in Than-tung who was a guest at our Associational meetings. This co-operation is bringing together both diverse races and different religions, but it is all working out for real good.

Not the least among events to be recorded is the marriage of Thra We Myat of Taunggyi to Thramu Annie, our most valued woman worker. It was a very pretty and simple wedding in the chapel and the two were each accompanied, he by his son Theodore, and she by her daughter Thelma. The best wishes of our whole community go with them as they set up their new home at Taunggyi.

H. I. Marshall.

Pyinmana to the Karens

Touring among the Karens, visiting old students from Pyinmana at their work in the villages and helping to plan new programs with them has taken much of February.

Early in the month visited Moulmein. Miss Johnson is helping in the school and district with Thra Joseph Pawmlaw and Arthur Shwe Taw directing the work of the Association. With the latter I spent a week touring in the northern part of the field.

The church at Donyin has considerable interest in agricultural improvement and Saw Po Tin, one of our graduates, carries on an experimental garden. Pigeon pea interplanted with arrowroot was grown successfully. His pigs of the Pyinmana Berkshire strain were also attracting attention. While here, I climbed to their fruit gardens six hundred feet up a precipice where their fathers and grandfathers used to live. The path was a monkey track going straight up with bamboos as ladders. Up and down these the Karens carried baskets of fruit on their backs. At the top was a fertile valley and betel vines which grew up; the tall trees were picked by men who climbed up on pegs pounded into the trees. Watched a man making his way up, holding to the pegs with two legs and one hand while with the second hand he picked the leaves and held them between his teeth till he got a handful. In this way he picked about twenty-five pounds of leaves in a day. Pepper is grown and picked in a similar way.

The soil was poor and sandy in the surrounding region and where the Karens had lost their lowland rice fields through debt, they were unskilled in working the upland taungyah fields and lived in huts covered with tree leaves sewn together, and were very poor. However at Kwanta one of our graduates, Saw Shwe Chit of the S. P. G. Mission, was growing

arrowroot and extracting the starch from seven acres. He was also selling planting material and buying the tubers from other growers and making an outstanding success of the business.

Further on at Nopoki village, Thra Timothy, another one of our old students, was working a demonstration farm on this kind of upland. In addition to arrowroot, he had Kew pineapples doing well. I met some of the Karen hillside farmers here and planned to grow Pigeon pea in with their rice next season. Here a farmer had grown our New Era Cow pea and had gotten an outstanding yield.

On February 20 and 21 visited the Paku Karen Association with the Marshalls at Ingyaw in the Toungoo field. Taungyah improvement demonstrations for the next season are planned here and so the people were interested to hear how their land might produce five crops in three years where they only get one now. Two Pyinmana graduates have been engaged to supervise this work next season in the adjacent mountains.

Toward the end of the month with the graduating class from Pyinmana, took a trip to the Nyaunglebin Karen Association where Miss Petheram welcomed us. Here we planned to carry out an experiment to increase village church support. Days of labor will be asked from the church members as an offering, and this will be used to fence and grow crops in the cold season on fields after the usual rice crop has been harvested. Instead of letting the land lie idle, we propose growing Green Mungo bean (Pedi-sein) or New Era Cow pea (Pelun) or cuttings of tapioca root (Pilaw-pinan-u). These are crops which we have found will do well after an early rice crop. Also the Association elders agreed to put on a "Seed Dedication" festival at rice planting time. Then at harvest time, conduct a procession to collect offerings of paddy from the threshing floors. We had a successful experience with such a

program among the Chins at Hebro this year and would like other village churches to try it.

A trip was made to the Henzae Burman Association at Danubyu the latter part of the month also. It was good to see the Hobbs carrying on in this field where I started my own missionary career. Many Pwo Kare Christians live around this region and our Pyinmana seed has become established in a number of demonstration centres among the tidal creeks. Now they need help to market the new crops, and we conferred regarding this.

On March 2nd eleven students will graduate from Pyinmana and five of these will at once become supervisors of taungyah improvement demonstrations. The demand for rural workers has increased much and we need good Christian young men to come for training who will go out and fill the openings which are calling for them. During the past year six of our graduates have been engaged for government agricultural work and four for mission agricultural service. The school will reopen on May 24th. Write for a prospectus for interested young men.

Brayton C. Case



Kutkai

Several times since the dedication of our Kutkai church I have felt that I ought to write something about it in the BURMA NEWS but the telegram announcing the death of Dr. Jos has so saddened and overwhelmed me that it is difficult to think of writing about anything. Here he was with us, a guest in our home, the main speaker at our dedication, the jovial good natured brother and friend, our Field Secretary, our leader, strong and full of life. Then to get the message that he had passed away. It seems so hard to believe. The loss to our Mission too hard to bear. And yet, we must

ry on—somehow—in some
y.

More than three thousand people gathered for our Association dedication of our church and the new School building. We had received the large mandala and the traditional grass huts for sleeping and cooking at a village three miles from Kutkai. We had several showers of rain and I feared that our people would break up for home but we were all surprised when we found that they remained to the end of the meetings. It was on Sunday we had the dedication. All the people gathered at the old place of worship in town and from there a tremendous procession was formed and marched up to our new church. There were several Kachin drums and cymbals that helped to make the occasion festive. The procession was led by four deacons who carried a decorated table on which was placed a Bible and two candles in glass candle holders. On the side of the decorated table marched all the ordained pastors. All the pastors and the deacons were dressed in pure white. Before entering the church there was a short ceremony, a brief dialogue from the 24th Psalm. Then the procession entered led by Dr. Josif singing, "Holy, holy, holy! Lord God almighty." The program lasted for three hours. Dr. Josif gave the main address and two of our senior pastors offered the prayer of dedication. We were also pleased to listen to words of congratulation from Mrs. Geis, Miss Lucy Wiatt, Mr. Leitch, the Asst. Superintendent, Dr. Nelson from Lashio, Rev. Spurgeon of Namtu, Rev. Williams of Lashio, U San Wa of Namkham, and U Po Nee of Lashio. Even our own Ruth spoke a few words. The unusual thing was that we did not have to make any plea for money, every thing was provided for. Truly it was a great day

for us, a day of rejoicing and happiness.

There is now a telegraph and telephone line being constructed between here and Lashio and also to Namkham from Kutkai. By the time these lines are in print the line ought to be completed. In former days our telegrams had to be sent to us from Lashio by post.

With telegraph and good roads it seems Kutkai is now not far away. We can now leave Kutkai one morning and the following morning be in Rangoon. Again if we should use the aeroplane from Lashio we are only five hours journey from Rangoon. Thus time marches on.

G. A. Sword.



Letter

715, Orange Street,
Redlands, Calif.

Here it is the middle of January and the weather just lovely. Nights are cold and we have had frost a few times, but the orange trees do not seem to have been injured. We have four trees on our place and we are looking forward to the time soon when they will be ready to yield their ripe fruit to us. Our grape fruit tree is hanging heavy and the lemons have supplied us with refreshing drink for some time. Oranges may be bought for as low as fifty cents a crate. They are all right for juicing but hardly large enough for breakfast fruit. Yet we think of the custard apples and mangoes and wish they were as plentiful here as there, but mangoes here cost enough to make one hesitate to buy them.

The Fletchers arrived last week and are looking fine. The Englands passed through here recently and we were glad to see them. We had a call from Telford the other day and he found me on top of the garage putting on a new roof. He did not

recognize me at first, owing to the fact that I was working.

We were greatly shocked at the news of Miss Maine's untimely death. Why it had to be is hard to understand for she was so capable and we had expected such great things from her in Burma. Her first term in Burma was in the Bwe Karen mission at Toungoo and we came to know her and to prize her very highly for her work and fine friendship. The recent months have seen serious losses to our mission in her going and in that of Mr. Smith, and the Methodist Mission in the death of Mr. Jones and Dr. Riggs who died only recently in Pasadena.

I have just received a call to go up into Washington for nearly a month on a speaking tour. The last month has seen a decided improvement in my health and I am glad to be called to this service. However the fact that it is just the time for the making of gardens and we want to have a good garden to help meet the high cost of living makes it difficult to leave for so long a time.

We heard over the radio that the New Year's jollifications in New York City resulted in nearly five million dollars more expenditure than a year ago. When one thinks that much of this must have been spent by church members it makes one wonder why it is so hard to get money for the support of missions. If, as some say, it was not the church members who spent it, because it was spent in ways that the church members would not countenance, then it must mean that there is much more money to spend than there was before and if the church members did not spend it in such jollifications surely they would have more to spend on more worth-while objects.

Our son, Wynn, has copped the championship in tennis in Redlands twice and with his partner has won

the doubles. In the city badminton tournament, he won the singles and with his partner the mixed double. Naturally we are pleased as to the same enthusiasm and energy in life work ought to produce worth while results and we hope for it.

News from Burma is welcome news. We shall welcome letters.

Lewis B. Roger



From Watchman-Examiner

Feb. 1, 1940

Friends and relatives of foreign missionaries of all denominations are invited to keep in contact with the overseas acquaintances by availing themselves of the international broadcast messages SENT FREE OF CHARGE through the courtesy of the General Electric Company's powerful broadcasting station KGEI, 221 Montgomery St, San Francisco, Calif.

Each SATURDAY from 5-45 A.M. to 6-15 A.M. Pacific Standard Time (about 10-30 Burma time), KGEI broadcasts its "Saturday Mail Bag" program, and friends of missionaries are INVITED to send their messages for that broadcast.

When the flow of messages from missionaries is of sufficient volume there will be added a "missionary Mail Bag" program on the FIRST SUNDAY OF EACH MONTH.



Sailings

Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Buker and family and Miss Beebe on March 7, to connect with Pres. Taft for California.

Dr. J. Russell Andrus, on March 20, overland via Bangkok and Hongkong to Los Angeles.

Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Gates, on March 2, via Penang to San Francisco.

The Meaning of the Resurrection

was alone within the woods, 'twas
early morn,

youth and dreams, ah! dreams,
all newly born.

ecstasy I cried, "Tis Easter
morn!

o-day I wear the lovely gown, not
yet I've worn;

The chancel, yes, the cross I'll
decorate with flowers,

lilies, reminiscent of fair and
sunny hours —

and sing within the vested choir —
Of all the voices; mine the high-

er."

he fresh green trees swayed so
mysteriously

almost saw sweet children run to
me;

Yes, I must color eggs, it is their
day,

Their little program they shall
have in their own way "

nd ever and anon I sped, tossing
the brown curls on my head.

or I had youth and all — yes, all
the dreams so nearly-born.

at sudden on a stony path I saw a
woman kneel,

nd feeling I had been alone, I stop-
ped within my zeal.

ged and bent; her snowy head was
raised as loud she cried

"Of all thy creatures Lord, who
blind, as those blinded with pride?

"For the earthly things are slip-
ping, slipping from my hands.

"And my weak eyes dimmed with
seeing, seem to see some distant
land,

"And my store of knowledge break-
ing to an urge upon me sent —

And she choked aloud in anguish,
"Oh! at last — I see *myself*!

My heart welled up with pity, and
as I stooped to her

She was not, and 'twas then I found
that *I* was kneeling there.

All of her pent-up agonies across my
heart had struck —

My head was bent, I dare not, no!
I dare not raise it up!

When the shadows of the budding
trees the stony path across

Revealed — or was it fancy? reveal-
ed a cross — a cross!

Within that leafy sanctuary I raised
from off my knees

When my eye fell on a violet, sway-
ing to the breeze —

A lovely, chaste, a perfect thing,
growing there alone

And as I looked again I saw it
bloomed through rugged stone.

'Twas then I found myself; yes, felt
life's richest benediction,

'Twas then I found the meaning of
— that Holy Resurrection!

- Florence Talbat Strait.

BURMA MISSION DIRECTORY

Field Secretary — Dr. E. C. Condict

Office: 121D Mission Rd., Rangoon Tel. Address: " Baptisma "

Mission Treasurer — Miss O. A. Hastings. Tel. Address: " Ambaptreas "

BURMAN

Rangoon

Miss Mary I. Laughlin
Miss Dorothy E. Rich

Bassein

Rev. & Mrs. Walter Keyser

Henzada

Thonze

Rev. & Mrs. J. T. Latta

Prome

Miss Carrie E. Hesseltine

Pegu

Rev. & Mrs. M. C. Parish
Miss Mary L. Parish

Toungoo

Miss Inez Crain

Pyinmana

Rev. B. C. Case

Mandalay

Miss Marion Reifsnieder
Miss Alice Thayer
Miss Lucy Wiatt
Miss Dorothy Wiley

Maymyo

Miss Laura E. Johnson

Moulmein

Miss Ruth F. Christopherson
Mr. & Mrs. P. R. Hackett

Tavoy

Rev. & Mrs. M. L. Streeter

BURMAN — MON

Moulmein

SHAN

Taunggyi

Miss F. Faith Hatch
Mrs. Heptonstall (Retired)

Kengtung

Rev. & Mrs. R. B. Buker

Loi Lem

Rev. & Mrs. H. C. Gibbens, M.D.
(Retired)

PWO KAREN

Maubin

Miss Rebecca Anderson

Bassein

Rev. & Mrs. C. L. Conrad

KACHIN

Bhamo

Miss Gertrude Anderson

Myitkyina

Rev. & Mrs. L. A. Dudrow

Sumprabum

Miss Lucy P. Bonney

Namkham, N.S.S.

Mr. & Mrs. Wm. H. Cummings

Kutkai, N. S. S.

Rev. & Mrs. G. A. Sword

LAHU AND OTHER HILL TRIBES

Rev. & Mrs. Harold Young
(Lashio)

Pangwai

(P. O. Loimwe)

Rev. & Mrs. Vincent Young

CHIN

Thayetmyo

Rev. E. C. Condict, D.D.

Haka

Rev. & Mrs. C. U. Strait, Th.D.

Tiddim

Rev. & Mrs. F. Nelson

SGAW KAREN

Henzada

Toungoo

Rev. & Mrs. C. L. Klein
Rev. & Mrs. H. I. Marshall, D.D.

Moulmein

Miss Cecilia Johnson

Bassein

Miss Clara Tingley

Nyaunglebin

Miss Hattie V. Petheram

Tavoy

Rev. & Mrs. Walter D. Sutton

Loikaw

ENGLISH WORK

Maymyo

Moulmein

Miss Helen M. Good
Miss Ecco Hunt
Miss Helen Tufts

GENERAL WORK

HOSPITALS

Moulmein- E.M.M. Hospital
Miss Harriet Gibbens
Miss Grace R. Seagrave, M.D.

Namkham

Mr. & Mrs. Gordon S. Seagrave, M.D.

CUSHING SCHOOLS

Cushing High School
English High School
Mrs. G. D. Josif

INSEIN SEMINARIES

Divinity School

Rev. & Mrs. W. E. Wiatt, D.D.
Rev. & Mrs. C. E. Chaney, D.D.

Burman Women's Bible School
Miss Beatrice Pond

Burman Seminary

Rev. & Mrs. C. C. Hobbs

Karen Seminary

Rev. & Mrs. D. W. Graham.
Pwo Karen Bible Training School
Rev. & Mrs. C. E. Chaney, D.D.

KAREN WOMEN'S BIBLE SCHOOL

Rangoon

Miss Charity Carman

AGRICULTURAL SCHOOLS

Pyinmana

Rev. B. C. Case
Rev. & Mrs. J. M. Smith
Rev. & Mrs. C. R. Horton

SCHOOL FOR MISSIONARY CHILDREN

Taunggyi

Miss Frances M. Ryder

JUDSON COLLEGE

Rev. & Mrs. L. B. Allen, M.A.
Mr. & Mrs. F. G. Dickason, M.A.
Miss Agnes Darrow, M.A.
Mr. O. N. Hillman, Ph.D.
Miss Helen Hunt, M.A.
Mr. & Mrs. S. H. Rickard, B.A.
Miss Marian Shivers, M.A.
Mr. & Mrs. D. O. Smith, M.A.
Miss E. Eloise Whitwer, M.A.

MISSION PRESS

Rev. & Mrs. L. A. Crain
Miss Olive A. Hastings
Mr. S. R. Reed
(Non-Missionary Suppl.)

BURMA MISSION DIRECTORY (contd.)

BURMA MISSIONARIES RETIRED OR NOT ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Miss Kate Armstrong
Miss Lucy Austin
Mrs. Walter Bushell
Miss Helen E. Bissell
Rev. H. P. Cochrane, D.D.
Mrs. J. H. Cope
Mrs. L. W. Cronkhite
Rev. & Mrs. J. E. Cummings, D.D.
Rev. & Mrs. A. C. Darrow, D.D.
Rev. & Mrs. H. E. Dudley
Miss Bertha Davis
Rev. Ernest Grigg
Mrs. D. C. Gilmore
Mrs. R. Halliday
Mrs. A. H. Henderson
Rev. & Mrs. Sidney V. Hollingworth
Rev. & Mrs. E. N. Harris
Mrs. O. Hanson
Mrs. E. W. Kelly
Rev. & Mrs. J. McGuire, D.D.

BURMA MISSIONARIES RETIRED OR NOT ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Mrs. L. H. Mosier
Mrs. C. A. Nichols
Miss M. B. Pound
Miss Violetta Peterson
Miss A. L. Prince
Rev. & Mrs. J. C. Richardson, D.D.
Rev. & Mrs. E. B. Roach, D.D.
Rev. & Mrs. H. E. Safford
Miss Anna H. Smith
Rev. & Mrs. L. W. Spring
Mrs. J. L. Snyder
Mrs. E. O. Stevens
Mrs. F. P. Sutherland
Rev. & Mrs. W. St. John, Ph. D.
Mrs. H. H. Tilbe
Miss Louise Tschirch
Miss Thora M. Thompson
Mrs. E. Tribolet
Rev. & Mrs. H. O. Wyatt, Th.D.

BURMA MISSIONARIES RETIRED IN BURMA

Miss J. G. Craft
Mrs. I. B. Elliott, Maymyo
Mrs. Geo. J. Geis, Maymyo
Rev. & Mrs. H. C. Gibbens, M.D.,
Loilem
Mrs. C. H. Heptonstall, Taunggyi
Miss L. B. Hughes, Taunggyi
Mrs. J. B. Johnson, Taunggyi
Miss A. E. Long (Assam) Mandalay
Miss J. E. Parrott, Maymyo
Rev. & Mrs. A. C. Phelps
Miss S. T. Ragon, Taunggyi
Mrs. A. E. Seagrave, Rangoon

BURMA MISSIONARIES ON FURLOUGH

Dr. & Mrs. J. R. Andrus
Miss Marion Beebe
Rev. & Mrs. R. S. Buker, M.D.
Rev. & Mrs. J. M. England
Mrs. E. Carroll Condict
Rev. & Mrs. R. Cummings
Rev. & Mrs. V. W. Dyer
Rev. & Mrs. E. T. Fletcher
Mr. & Mrs. Gordon E. Gates, Ph.D.
Rev. & Mrs. A. C. Hanna
Rev. & Mrs. G. S. Jury, Ph.D.

Dr. & Miss Mildred Mosier
Rev. & Mrs. L. B. Rogers
Miss Rachel Seagrave
(in Rangoon)
Mrs. H. W. Smith
Miss Elizabeth Taylor
Rev. & Mrs. J. H. Telford
Miss Mary D. Thomas
Rev. & Mrs. A. J. Weeks

